

## MBK One-Shots.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37940503) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37940503>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">Gen</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Dream SMP</a> , <a href="#">DreamSMP</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ghostbur - Character</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">zombie apocalypse AU</a> , <a href="#">Zombie Apocalypse</a> , <a href="#">Zombies</a> , <a href="#">Zombie!Wilbur</a> , <a href="#">Ghost Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Yes they can exist at the same time lol</a> , <a href="#">Zombie!Wilbur uses the name Icarus (So Ghostbur won't know it's his body lol)</a> , <a href="#">Trust me. Ghostbur would freak out.</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Angst</a> , <a href="#">One Shot Collection</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">My Brother's Keeper AU Stories</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-03-24 Words: 1,554 Chapters: 1/?

# MBK One-Shots.

by [BornOfFire](#)

## Summary

*Just some silly and occasionally angst one-shots with the zombie apocalypse trio.*

## Notes

I've been writing some one-shots based off my zombie apocalypse AU/Story My Brother's Keeper lately, and I thought it would be nice to share them! Most of them are silly and light-hearted, but some will be sad and even kind of scary. I hope you guys like them! :D

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Snowy days have become more frequent on the farm, and during this time Tommy had learned some strange new facts about his zombified brother.

For one, Icarus (*Tommy's been trying to make more of an effort to remember that name. Although he'll always be Wilbur to him.*) had grown more lethargic than usual. Spending most of his time curled up in front of the fireplace, or sitting on the couch with blankets.

His brother slept a lot more as well. Dozing off for almost all hours of the day. When the zombie did wake, he seemed to struggle with staying that way. Tommy guessed it has something to do with the relaxing warmth of the fireplace and thick blankets. Ranboo proposed that it could also have to do with lack of activity.

Currently Icarus was napping on the couch again. Laying on his side. His beanie rested on the coffee table, placed there after being run through the washing machine.

It's a little unsettling seeing the way his undead brother sleeps, but the boy tries not to be too uncomfortable with it. The young man's chest didn't rise or fall, nor did he make any sort of sound. No breathing or snoring. Just eerily quiet. There was the occasional small moan, but that was usually just to indicate that something is going to wake him up.

He supposes that's why it was so easy for him to be tricked when Tommy had found the farm the first day. Zombies seem to take the phrase "*slept like the dead*" seriously. If the blonde survivor hadn't known about the undead and their strange sleeping habits, he would've thought Icarus was completely dead.

Anyway, his brother usually eats around this time, so it would be best to try to keep on schedule.

"Hey, Icarus. Icky? Time to wake up." Tommy gently shook the zombie's shoulder. Trying to rouse him from sleep. Icarus could sometimes get a little crabby when being woken up, so the boy tries to be as careful as possible to not irritate him.

There was a weak groan as if to say: '*let me sleep.*' The tired zombie just buried himself deeper into the blankets until only his messy, curly hair could be seen.

"I'd like to stay in bed too, big man, but it's time to eat. Can't have you trying to eat Memory Boy again. C'mon, wake up Zombro." The boy just shook him gently again. This time the shakes were answered with a slight growl.

So it's going to be like that huh?

"Fine, bitch. Guess I'll just have this juicy rabbit instead!" Tommy jokes, he pulled some raw meat out of a plastic bag, and waved it over the blanket pile.

"Oho! This looks tastychamp! I'm gonna eat this delicious rabbit, big man!" Expectedly, Tommy started to hear some unhappy noises coming from the quilts.

“Mmmmmmm! Real good! Can really taste the salmonella!” There’s no way that Tommy would eat raw meat, but it’s not like Icarus would know that.

There was a sniffing sound, and then a pale hand reached out from under the covers. Looks like his brother wanted it after all.

“Yeah, didn't think so. Here, bro.” He handed the piece of raw rabbit to the zombie. Icarus poked his head out of the blankets so he could eat it. His hair was unkempt, and he looked tired. Eyes half-open. Black smudges were present on his face, and fresh tear lines trickled from his eyes. Almost looks like he’d been crying, but Tommy knows that’s not the case.

“*W-Wa..rm..*” Icarus said sleepily. A simple word, yet the boy knew that his brother was expressing how comforting he found the blankets to be.

“I know, Icky. All toasty now. Let’s try to go outside tomorrow though, kay? Can’t stay inside all day, big man.”

Icarus either wasn’t listening, or didn’t care as he simply ate the raw rabbit meat. It was a little messy unfortunately, but thankfully not as bad as usual due to how tired the zombie was. Small pieces of meat scattered on the comforter. Tommy will have to clean that up later.

“*S-Sl..eep..*” His undead brother mumbled after finishing his meal. Icarus’s dark eyes closed as he rolled back onto his side, going back under the covers.

Tommy just kind of patted him awkwardly. It’s one of those bittersweet moments, but he doesn’t want to think about *Wil* too much right now. It just makes him sad..

“Night, Icky.”

.....

Tommy, with the help of Ghostbur, somehow managed to drag Icarus outside. After doing so, the young survivor wondered if this was a bad idea after all.

“Icarus, uh. You okay, big man? You’re looking a little loopy and shit.”

In contrast to how tired he seemed in the warmth of the farm house. The zombie’s eyes were much more open, but he still looked very sleepy. Despite finding a heavy snow coat, scarf, gloves, and even a knit hat for him, his older brother still shivered.

He looked kind of ridiculous in the outfit though, so Tommy tried not to laugh.

“Tommy, I don’t think Icarus has seen snow before!” Ghostbur said cheerfully from behind a snowman he was building. “I think he’s surprised!”

Hmmmm. Maybe, but it has been snowing for a few days now. There’s no way the zombie hadn’t seen it through the window. Then again.. the undead have pretty poor eye-sight. It’s possible that his brother might not have really seen it exactly.

“C-Co..ld..” The zombie shivered. Glancing back at the farm. It’s clear that he wants to go back in.

Perhaps his brother only came out to make Tommy and Ghostbur happy. Which is sweet.. but if he really wants to go back in, it would be kind of cruel to make him stay.

“Sorry, Icky.. look, you can go back inside if you want-” Tommy was then cut-off by a sudden giggle.

Ghostbur had disappeared without his little brother noticing, and reappeared behind the zombie. He took off the scarf he’d been wearing, and wrapped it around Icarus.

“Now you have two! That helps, right?” The spirit smiled happily. “Don’t worry, I didn’t need mine anyway!”

Seeing Ghostbur share with his zombie counterpart made Tommy feel good. Although their friendship is strange, it’s just really nice to see that his ghostly brother has someone to talk to. *(Tommy had been worrying lately that he hadn’t been giving the spectre enough attention.)*

“W-W..arm..” A small smile appeared on the undead man’s pale face. Still shivering, but he’s smiling. He then looked at the snowman that Ghostbur had been making.

“W-Wh..at.. T-Tha..t..?” The zombie slowly pointed.

“Oh! That’s a snowman! I used to build these with Toms and Techno all the time when we were younger! Do you want to help, friend?” The ghost asked, hoping to do something fun with his friend. Ghostbur had noticed how tired Icarus had been lately and was worried that his good friend might be sad.

“S-Sn..ow..?” Icarus repeated the word curiously. He trudged through the snow, nearly slipping a few times but luckily Tommy and Ghostbur were there to help stand him up. He reached the snowman, and gazed at it with wonder.

“Pretty pog, huh Icky? I’m pretty good at building them too, hold on..” The boy just had an idea.

“Are you going to make a snowman too, Tommy?” The spirit asked.

“No, not just any old snow bitch, Ghostbro! I’m going higher!” Beginning to laugh, the blonde boy grabbed some snow and rolled it into a ball.

“I’m not going to make a snowman.. Ghostbur.” Feeling kind of dramatic, Tommy puts on a fiery grin.

“I’M GOING TO BUILD A **SNOWWIFE!**”

Ghostbur audibly gasped, while Icarus just looked confused. Eventually he returned to poking the spirit’s snowman. At least the cold wasn’t bothering him too badly anymore.

Looks like they’re going to have a fun snow day after all.

The three of them spent the next hour goofing off in the snow. Well, everyone but Icarus, he seemed to be enjoying himself anyway though despite falling over plenty of times. Tommy built the glorious snowwife with Ghostbur's help.

Although it was missing one final touch.

"Snowwife should have a name. I'll call her.. Hot Snow Lady!" After briefly running inside, the boy took out a sharpie pen, and wrote the name on her. Laughing the whole time as he did so.

"Oh wow! It's nice to meet you, Hot Snow Lady, you're very beautiful!" Ghostbur then said in a genuine voice. Causing his little brother to laugh so hard he couldn't breathe.

When it was time to go back inside, Ghostbur promised to make hot chocolate. Tommy helped his zombified brother back into the house as Ghostbur hummed joyfully.

For a second Tommy looked back at the snowmen (*and technically wife*) and noticed a dark bite-mark in the one Ghostbur and Icarus had been making.

Either Icarus was trying to sign it like Tommy did with his, or he wanted to know what snow tasted like. Probably the latter, but it was still humorous to him anyway. When he looks at his brother(s) again, Icarus is already back and curled up in front of the gently cracking fireplace.

Today was a good day.

## End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed these one-shots! Sorry if they're not good! I made them purely for fun so I wasn't trying to be super good with it. I'll still try to fix any problems I may find though!! I hope you enjoyed this! :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!